Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

A LULLABY.

Sleep, my child! the shadows fall;
Silent darkness reigns o'er all;
Bird and bloom are lost to sight
In the folded arms of night;
Stars will soon from cloud-towers peep,
While all nature lies asleep.

Breathe thou softly! Rest is sweet
For tired hearts and aching feet;
No dull care nor toil is thine—
Nor sin, thou blessed child of mine;
Tranquil on thy soft couch rest,
With dreams of Heaven in thy breast.

Birds are sleeping; close thine eyes;
Waken with a soft surprise;
Greet the morning with thy smile,
And sweet prattle without guile,
Scents lie sleeping in the flowers;
Slumber till the daylight hours.

Sleep! Thy Father guards thy rest;
Lay thy head upon His breast;
Safer than these arms which hold thee,
His dear love will firm enfold thee;
Higher love than mine shall He
Give, beloved one, to thee!

Sleep! The waves have long been sleeping!
Angels o'er thee watch are keeping;
O'er us both the pale stars shine
With a radiance half divine.
Slumber, innocent and light,
Fall from Heaven on thee to-night.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE LOT FELL ON JOHANNA.

A Story of Moravian Life in 17—.

PART I.

Clear and sweet rose the voices of the women above the deep, strong voices of the men on that Easter morn. Early, so early, at the very dawning of the glad new day, did those pious brothers and sisters of the little Moravian settlement gather in the gray stone chapel for their Easter service.

As their voices take up the words of the Litany:

"Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life,"

men, women and children rise, and, forming the procession, move through the quiet streets to the quieter graveyard. They enter the gate, the little children first, then the singers and the trombone players. Next in the procession come the clergymen—the old bishop and the young minister, Bartholomew Richter, just arrived in America. These are followed by the women; then come the men. All are glad and every face is full of peace, though some of the women-faces beneath the white caps are very pensive, if not absolutely sad.

As the procession enters the graveyard, the song of holy melody rises to an ecstatic strain. The blue-bird and the robbin, in the tree-top above the quiet sleepers, cease their matins, and, flying to a loftier perch, look down with wide eyes of astonishment and listen breathlessly to the praise. The graveyard is not a gloomy place to the Moravian. His pure and simple faith looks beyond the coffin-lid, and views death as the easy entrance into a world of bliss. The grave is to him "the covered bridge from earth to Heaven."

The air was full of pleasant odors, and the soul of the spring went into the blood, and caused the heart of the young minister, Bartholomew, to beat with quicker and stronger pulsations. The voices of men and women, the distant music of the trombones, and the silver strain from the children at the head of the procession thrilled the heart of the young man and lifted his thoughts to Heaven. It was all such a new experience to him. His parents having died when he was a young child, Bartholomew had been shut off from all home life and tender associations. Yet this life, barren as it had been of social ties and home influences, had not dulled his quick sensibilities nor quenched the fires of a fertile imagination. In fact, the long years of patient, unflinching brain-labor spent in the college hall had served to sharpen his appetite for all that was full of life and beauty. He drank in the pleasure which he now found in his life of freedom in the New World as a thirsty man drinks rich, red wine. Yet this keen enjoyment was not wholly sensuous; but, rather, sense-delight, under the control and illumination of the spirit. With an eye of flesh he saw the perfect beauty of the springing flower, and with an eye of faith the hand that fashioned its delicate lovliness. He heard the song of the birds in the branches, and listened for the whispering of the spirit, which he felt and heard within the depths of his own being.

As the strong chorus of happy voices floated out upon the air, there sounded—not above the others, not below them, but clear and distinct from them—one voice, sweet and strong as a seraph's. It was a woman's voice, and perhaps the reason why Bartholomew heard it so plainly was that the woman walked, in the procession, next behind the clergymen. Possibly this accounts; but the sisters walked behind the brethren, remember, so that the young divine knew not whether the singer wore blue, pink, or red ribbons for the strings of her white cap. If she wore the blue, she was the wife of some one of the good brethren at the end of the procession, if pink, she was but "single sister"; if red, his girl sister, in the first flush of her fair young womanhood—the beautiful Moravian maiden, with her modest, quiet ways, her shy, sweet glances, and her ever-changing color.

The procession moved on, and still the sweet voice rang out on the still air, floated upward with the soaring lark, and lost itself in the blue immensity. Lost itself? Who knows? Nothing is lost entirely.

There is a break in the procession. Men, women and children are scattered through the graveyard, by the rows of graves, some standing here, some there; for the good Moravians are buried side by side, in the order of their death. A husband and a wife may lie far apart in their last slumber and many graves may intervene between the mother and her child. Still the service of song continues; but the voice of mystic sweetness is no longer heard by young Brother Bartholomew.

However, when the holy anthem rises to its greatest height of rich melody, the sweet voice is again heard, and glancing in the direction of the sound, Brother Bartholomew sees a group of women and children standing by the graves opposite. For an instant he is only conscious of the white caps and the different colored ribbons; but a second glance is sufficient to tell him that the young girl standing a little to the left of the others is the possessor of the wonderful voice.

She is still singing, and her face, of marvelous beauty, is turned half toward him. Her wide blue eyes are raised to the clear blue of the heavens and seem to equal it in their purity and intensity. Her complexion is pale, with just a touch of color on the oval cheek. She is not at all of the "dead perfection" order of girls, nor

"The rose of the rose-bush garden of girls,
Queen lily and rose in one;"

but a healthful, natural face, with beautiful eyes and regular features, framed by golden brown hair, pushing out ambitiously from the close bands of the unsightly cap. Her beauty is that of the bud, rather than the flower. Yet there is a certain firmness indicated in the only limited lines about the mouth, and, instinctively, one feels that this girl is not made of such stuff as dreams are made of; but of that sterner clay of which martyrs and heroines are molded, and you wonder what lies beyond the red ribbons of her girlhood. She is capable of being very happy, and also of being very wretched; but you can not imagine for one moment that Johanna Rothe could ever be capable of a wrong, unwomanly act. You feel that she is capable of great and good things, and only capable of such.

I think it not improbable that some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the young minister, as he listened to the wonderful voice and looked upon the beautiful face; and in the days and weeks that followed the Easter service I know not how the young divine became acquainted with Johanna; but, nevertheless, an acquaintance did spring up and prosper with more rapidity than was usual in a Moravian village at the early date of which our story is a faithful chronicle. Perhaps it was because Bartholomew, having as his special charge the younger men of the Church, found it necessary to look after Johanna's brother, who, indeed, was not a model of Christian virtues and who occasionally made trips to New York, where he imbibed much of the world' sinful tastes.

However, Johana and young Brother Bartholomew met at "Love Feasts" and religious services; and sometimes of a sunny afternoon, when mothers and daughters sat in their favorite places in the graveyard (for such was ever the favorite resort of the good people of Bethlehem), the young pastor would pass that way; and as he came to one little group after another he would stop for a few moments and ask after the health of each and express some word of kindness and courtesy ere he passed on; and red-letter days were those when, among the others, he chanced to meet Johanna.

PART II.

As the summer changed to autumn, and the September haze hung over the far blue hills, and the katy-dids and crickets made vocal the silent night, the ever-watchful eye of Mrs. Rothe saw a change in her daughter. Her eyes were brighter and larger than of yore, and her color came and went as she conversed or was silent; and, sometimes, when her mother saw the far-away look in the pensive face of her fair-cheeked daughter, she would sigh softly, and, wiping the dimness from her glasses, murmur:

"Johanna, child, the Lord grant that when the lot falls on you it may not be for the wrong one."

They were sitting in the graveyard, one afternoon, when these words fell from the mother's lips, and this time they did not fall unnoticed by the daughter.

"Mother," she said, turning her face from the glory of the western sky, while her cheek took on the flush of the dying day, "the disposal of the lot is with the Lord. Why should I be concerned about it?"

The good woman felt rebuked; yet her heart had many misgivings in regard to Johanna's future.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "perfect love casteth out fear." Yet she sighed again as she spoke, for she thought of the long past, when the lot had fallen on another Johanna, and that Johanna had tried to think that it was the Lord's will, and had married the man she did not love, while the one she did love married the girl who had given her heart's best affection to Johanna's own husband; and she had known it all, for Anna Weisser was her intimate girl-friend, and they had met and prayed together about it, while the young men went to the "Council of the Elders," and the lots were cast. But neither Anna nor that other Johanna had questioned the will of the Lord. They had married men to whom the lot assigned them, and every one said that they were both very happily married; nor did they themselves ever hint that it was otherwise. Yet, nevertheless, Johanna Rothe knew that, in marrying David Rothe, she had missed out of her life a certain happiness which she felt was possible and intended for every good woman to possess; and now her whole heart, bound up, as it was, in her daughter, dreaded lest she, too, should miss what the mother-heart felt was possible and right that she should possess. So, very gently and very sadly, she added:

"'Thy ways, O Lord, are mysterious, and no man knoweth them.'"

Johanna the younger made no reply, and again turned her face to the sunset glory, and for a time both were silent; while above them, in the branches among the yellow leaves, a robin piped his farewell song, and a cricket chirped in the grass at their feet.

"Mother!" at length exclaimed Johanna, without turning her face from the crimson and gold low down in the west, "would God ever let the lot fall so as to make people unhappy; so that, in obeying it, one would have to do what, under any other circumstances, he would not do?"

"Sometimes He does," replied the mother.

Johanna looked puzzled.

"In marriage, mother?" she asked, with a deep blush, still keeping her face turned away.

"Yes, my darling."

"Then I would not obey what men called His will," the young girl answered, firmly, almost defiantly, turning upon her mother a flushed face and brilliant, flashing eyes.

Mrs. Rothe had never seen her child so excited, and the good woman was terrified.

"Hush, child!" she exclaimed, in alarm. "He sometimes takes us at our word."

"Let Him take me," she replied, with a prophetic gesture toward the fading splendor of the west. "It would be a greater sin to marry when—"

She left the sentence unfinished and covered her crimson face with her hands.

"O! Johanna, Johanna! What is the matter? This is not like my gentle girl. What has happened to my child? Has one of the young brethren been speaking to you on this subject? or can any one without the Church have gained access to your pure mind and tempted you with the world's false views?"

"Mother," replied Johanna, in a reproachful tone, "do I not know the rules of our Church? Can you not trust me?"

"My darling!" replied the fond mother. "Distrust you? No, no; but you frightened me with your fierce words. Child, you almost defied your Maker."

"O! no, mother," said the girl, crossing to her mother's side and throwing her arms around her. "You did not understand me. I would rather do something that seemed wrong to everybody and right to myself than to do what seemed right to everybody and wrong to my own soul."

"And, in so doing, you would be pleasing God," said a voice near them. And, looking up, Johanna beheld Bartholomew Richter standing before her, with the sunset light shining full upon his fine, manly features.

He hastened to apologize for his sudden interruption, and said that, overhearing Johanna's last sentence, as he passed, he felt constrained to voice his approval.

"Johanna is getting strange thoughts into her head," said Mrs. Rothe. (A nineteenth century mother would have said: "Johanna is a girl of opinions.") "I sometimes feel apprehension for her future," she added, with a sigh.

"Trust the future with Him who orders it," said Brother Bartholomew, in a low, earnest voice.

"But herein lies the trouble," replied the anxious mother. "Johanna does not seem willing to abide by the Lord's will."

"Mother does not understand me," exclaimed Johanna, in self-defense. "I say that I can never do what other people may say to be the will of God, when down deep in my heart I feel that it would not be right for me to do so."

"You know that in such a case we would try the lot," said the young man.

"Even then I would not go against this conviction of my own soul, if all the lots that ever were cast should decide that I should," she answered, with decision.

"You are decided?"

"Yes, fully. What would you do?"

Bartholomew Richter was a man of strong and vigorous thought and action, and, consequently, had always been able, by prayer and meditation, to see his way out of a difficulty, and so had never reached that critical, wavering uncertainty when he felt that he must trust to the lot for the necessary decision; and now, when this young girl put the question to him so suddenly, he felt such doubt and uncertainty as he had never experienced before, and he answered, honestly:

"I do not know. God has always made plain to me the course He would have me take without seeking His will in casting the lot, and I trust He always will."

The glory was gone from the west; only a touch of gold low down on the horizon left from all the wealth of splendor which a few moments before had been piled up mountains high above the purple hills. Mrs. Rothe rose, and, with a glance toward the darkening sky, held out her hand to her young pastor. His eye followed the direction of her glance, and Johanna murmured:

"'Beyond the sunset are the hills of God.'"

Then they turned from the sunset and from each other; the mother and daughter going down through the valley to the pretty cottage home, and Brother Bartholomew away to his hillside retreat, where he might spend the twilight hour alone in communion with his God. And the night came down about the cares of men, and hushed their toil and tumult; and the busy hum of life ceased in the valley 'neath the hills, and

"Evening stood between them like a maid,
the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the morn
Her forehead jewel and the deepening dark
Her woven garments."

An hour later, and the sound of bell and trombones summoned the mountain worshiper from his retreat to the village church, where the evening service was just beginning.

"I have sad news for you, brother," said the old clergyman to Bartholomew, at the close of the service. "Brother Weisser has departed this life."

"Brother Weisser in St. Thomas?"

"Yes. He has left a most interesting work. A laborer is needed."

It was enough. It is said of the Moravians that they never wait to be called into the service of their Master. They are always ready with the words: "Here am I! Send me!"

"I will go," said Bartholomew, in a low, steady voice.

"God bless you, brother," said the old man, placing his hand on Bartholomew's shoulder. "But he who goes should be married."

"I will marry. When ought I to go?" was answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"As soon as possible."

"Must my marriage be decided by lot?"

The old gentleman drew back in astonishment.

"Brother," he exclaimed, after a moment's silent wonder, is it possible that you are so ignorant of the church regulations?"

"Yes; truly I am ignorant as to the facts of this custom. I thought possibly there were exceptions to the general rule in regard to this matter."

"None!" thundered the elder man.

"You see, I have never thought of marriage as a personal matter."

"There is a Council of Elders to-morrow. Shall I present your case?"

"Yes," was the reply.

For Bartholomew Richter the mists of the future had suddenly disappeared. He now found himself face to face with the question which a few hours before he had been unable to answer other than by saying he did not know. He must know now, for he must act.

Bartholomew Richter was not a man to shrink from facing a difficulty, and resolutely he turned to the question he had so recently put from him as puzzling and unprofitable. The time for decision had come. He did not for one moment stop to consider that the lot would decide for him. He felt at once that he must decide now whether it would be his duty to abide by the decision of the lot, or to do as Johanna said—choose what he knew in his own soul to be right, though the whole world said it was wrong.

That night, in the solitude of his own chamber, he met the question and answered it; and on the morrow, when the lot did not fall on Johanna, he did not change his decision, but went to St. Thomas alone. And the Elders were sore distressed on his account and very greatly feared lest Satan should in the end overwhelm their much-loved brother with some mighty, yet subtle temptation.

PART III.

The years fly by. Bethlehem, the little Moravian settlement, spreads out her skirts like a proud lady and daily grows larger and more flourishing; but in the Rothe cottage there have been changes of a different nature. The gentle-hearted mother has passed away. The brother has married, and Johanna laid away her red ribbons and tied the pink beneath her firm little chin, and went away to the quiet shelter of the "Sister's Home;" and there, within its peaceful walls, has lived ten years of her quiet life of good deeds and loving words. And many times the message came from the "Council of the Elders" that by lot Johanna Rothe was chosen for the wife of some thriving citizen; but Johanna could not be prevailed upon to leave the "Home" for a home of her own, and no one except Brother Paul, an old and tried friend of the Rothe family, knew the reason why. I say he knew. His own heart told him. Johanna never hinted it, by words or look; but Brother Paul had had a heart history of his own, some thirty or forty years before, and when a man has once learned such a lesson he can readily see whether another man or woman has been taught the same.

It is Brother Paul who has kept up a somewhat desultory correspondence with Bartholomew Richter, and through him the young missionary once sought the aid of the "Council of the Elders," that they should send him a companion; but, though the Council had done its part, yet still Bartholomew remained alone. Perhaps Johanna learned from Brother Paul that Bartholomew had sent for a wife, and, when she knew that he did not marry, perhaps she thought—well; one thing I am sure of, she did not grow sour and disagreeable. She did not speak slightingly of marriage, or even bitterly of that perverse little lot; but her heart was as true and tender, her face as bright and beautiful, as on that summer morning, ten years before, when Bartholomew Richter bid her good-bye, and went out alone to his field of labor, with the silent disapproval of his church and people resting upon him.

Ten years, and the years between twenty and thirty are longer than any ten afterward. Ten years, and Brother Bartholomew waits on the sea-shore, for the good ship rides at anchor, and the little boat bobbing up and down upon the sparkling waves comes shoreward with its precious burden of human life. There is a stirring in his spirit, a quicker action of the heart, and a sudden rush of feeling; for he knows that the ship has brought missionaries from America, and among them is his old friend Brother Paul.

Now the keel grates on the sandy shore. The passengers are leaving the boat. There is the tall form of Brother Paul. How white his hair has turned since Bartholomew saw him last! A woman walked by his side. What was there in her attitude that struck Bartholomew Richter with surprise, with interest? Had Brother Paul married? The flutter of pink ribbon said "No," and the good brother's words, as he grasped his friend's hand, revealed the mystery.

"I sought the Council for you again, Brother Bartholomew, and this time the lot fell on Johanna."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Rats on Ships.

Rats greatly infest ships, and are by them conveyed to every part of the world. So industriously do they make homes for themselves in the numerous crannies and corners in the hull of a ship, that it is impossible to get rid of them. Ships take out rats as well as passengers and cargo, every voyage; whether the former remain in the ship at port is best known to themselves. When the East India Company had ships of their own they employed a rat catcher, who sometimes captured 500 rats in one ship just returned from Calcutta. The ship rat is often the black species. Sometimes black and brown inhabit the same vessel, and unless they carry on perpetual hostilities, one party will keep in the head of the vessel and the other to the stern. The ship rat is very anxious that his supply of fresh water shall not fail; he will come on deck when it rains, and climb up to the wet sails to suck them. Sometimes he mistakes a spirit cask for a water cask, and he gets drunk. A captain on an American ship is credited (or discredited) with an ingenious bit of sharp practice as a means of clearing his ship from rats. Having discharged a cargo at a port in Holland, he found his ship in juxtaposition to another which had just taken in a cargo of Dutch cheese. He laid a plank at night from one vessel to the other; the rats, tempted by the odor, trooped along the plank and began the feast. He took care that the plank should not be there to serve them as a pathway back again, and so the cheese laden ship had a cruel addition to its outward cargo.—*N. Y. Scientific Times.*

—An exchange says that the movement to sell potatoes in strawberry boxes is weakening.

The First Stroke of Republican Campaign Work.

The first stroke of Republican campaign work, as usual, is to levy blackmail on the office-holders. The Congressional Campaign Committee has assessed the officers of the two houses of Congress, from the clerks down to the page boys, a per centage of their salaries. This was followed by a similar assessment of the rest of the ninety thousand persons who hold office under the United States Government. There is a Federal statute against the collection of moneys from officers and employes of the United States Government under which General A. M. Curtis, Treasurer of the Republican State Committee of New York, suffered conviction the other day. But this statute is easily evaded and is not at all likely to stand in the way of the collecting agents of the Congressional Committee. A polite request is made by that committee for contributions from the office-holders and they get some very polite and significant hints from Administrative sources that the safety of their official heads will depend on a favorable response on their part to the request of the committee. The office-holders will contribute, as they have done in the past, some of them willingly, others under constraint, only a small number probably possessing sufficient courage to refuse. The average sum levied upon each of them will not be less than ten dollars and the aggregate will probably reach three-quarters of a million.

Thus the people in their efforts to turn the Republican party out of power find their own taxes converted into a corrupt but powerful agency for the defeat of their purpose. The salaries paid out of the revenues wrung from the taxpayers are tithed by the Republican Congressional Committee to create a fund to be employed in thwarting the taxpayers' will. Even the salt in the poor man's meat and the sugar on his table contribute to swell the coffers of the Republican campaign managers. And this blackmailing of the taxpayers through the office-holders for the support of Republican campaigns has been going on for years. It is a safe estimate to put the aggregate of the moneys squeezed out of the earnings of the people in this way by the Republican party during the last fifteen years at ten millions of dollars. This is rather an extravagant sum to pay for the privilege of being misgoverned, though there is even a stronger objection to the policy of assessing office-holders for political purposes than that based on its cost to the people in dollars and cents. It teaches the office-holder himself that the governing power is not exercised by the people so much as by the managing politicians who corruptly control elections. It suggests to him that as his party can rob him of a portion of his salary with impunity he may be protected by his party in robbing the Government in turn. Still more and worse, it is aimed at the integrity of the voters and the purity of the ballot-box. The immense sums that are raised by contributions levied on the office-holders are not exhausted in the payment of printing bills and the distribution of documents. Closely contested States and Congressional Districts have been literally bought up more than once by money collected by assessments on the officers and employes of the United States Government. The Republican plan of conducting moneyed campaigns is therefore simply damnable from the moral point of view. It should be the subject of denunciation in every honest newspaper and a text to every teacher of sound morality in the land.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

Hedging the Assessment Question.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of our Half-breed contemporaries to flee from the wrath to come, or in more vulgar parlance to hedge, with respect to the assessment question. They are full of virtuous protest against the tone of the circulars sent out by the Republican Congressional Committee, but the work still goes bravely on. As a rule, the Half-breed organs are in sympathy with the Half-breed leaders, but we do not see how they can take exception to the blackmailing document that is sent with merciless impartiality to laborers, errand boys, widows and orphans in Government employ, and still claim to be in harmony with some of the most prominent men in their faction. For the Congressional Committee is by no means of exclusive Stalwart composition. "My dear Hubbell" was a Garfield man when Garfield was alive, whatever he may be with Garfield dead. Henderson has Blaine leanings, at least, when Blaine is mending fences instead of building houses, and the three Senators, Hale, Allison and Aldrich, would hardly consent to be held up as representing the Stalwart wing of the party. But the Secretary signs the circular "by order of the Committee," a unanimous order so far as the circular shows, or so far as we have any outside light to go by. In short, we do not see how the Administration can be held primarily responsible for this dirty business, anyway. The victims are directly or indirectly of Federal appointment, it is true, and must look to the President or his immediate subordinates for sacrifice or protection; but the blackmailers are Congressmen. They belong to the legislative branch in which the Half-breeds claim that their Representatives largely outnumber the Republicans of the Stalwart stripe. It would hardly seem fair should the Half-breed organs succeed in making capital out of the disgrace for which they are most largely responsible. Moreover, in this sudden assumption of virtue there is something suspicious. If assessments are right in principle it is no worse to levy them in an "off year" than it is in a Presidential campaign. It may show that the exigencies of the party are greater than usual, but not that its methods are any worse—only put to a little harder service. In short, we have natural objections to seeing the Half-breed scheme for eating the party cake and keeping it, too, succeed. The Half-breed organs know as well as do the Stalwarts that they have enjoyed at least eight years of power which they would not have enjoyed except they had employed this and other forms of moral compulsion, and in the excitement of another campaign they will use the same bridge again, with a fervent prayer that it may not be too rotten to carry them over.—*Boston Post.*

WE ARE THE SAINTS.

The earth is for saints, and the fullness thereof,
And we are the saints, beyond question;
Though this to outsiders may seem rather rough,
And trouble their sleep and digestion.

The party's united, as clearly you see,
And that, I am sure, is no wonder;
For why shouldn't people unite and agree
When moved by such promise of plunder?

Combining our force in the usual way,
The surplus we gallantly captured;
Whatever the mass of the party may say,
The leaders are highly enraptured.

There's scarcely a chance that our fellows have missed,
In rivers and harbors and pensions;
And all through the session the tax-eating list
Has grown to enormous dimensions.

The people, you think, are beginning to kick?
Is that what you want to be saying?
Before we get through they'll have cause to be sick;
You don't know the cards we are playing.

We've got it down fine from the census reports—
The list of legitimate voters,
Of all the persuasions, complexions and sorts,
Including the darkies and floaters.

We mean to have offices, contracts, and such,
To tie the majority to us;
And then, with our money, no matter how much,
'Twill puzzle the rest to undo us.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

British and Republican Tyranny Contrasted.

In its Fourth of July editorial the New York *Herald* asks this question:

"How would the story of the abuses and corruptions to which the people of this country were subject under George III. compare with that of the robberies practiced now in the name of Government by the bosses?"

A very interesting and instructive essay might be written upon the subject suggested by the above paragraph. In that essay it would not be difficult to show that the wrongs, outrages and oppressions against which our fathers rebelled and which the pen of Jefferson presented to the world in the immortal declaration, were utterly insignificant when compared with those the children of the fathers have suffered from the Republican party. The popular memory is proverbially short, but it ought to be long enough to reach back twenty years. From 1861 to 1865 the Northern people endured more at the hands of a Republican Administration than George III. at his worst ever dared to inflict upon the American colonies. Lincoln ordered, or sanctioned, more illegal arrests and imprisonments during his term of office than the British monarch did in the years when our revolution was brewing. There were more violations of the freedom of the press and of speech under Lincoln than under George, and Seward's "little bell" tinkled oftener and to sharper purpose than did that of Lord North. The Republican plea of "military necessity" covered, or tried to cover, more sins against the fundamental principles of liberty and law than the English Government committed, and paid for by losing an American empire. Whoever writes the true history of those four years will be compelled to admit a catalogue of political crimes of high and low degree which throw far into the shade the provocation to which we owe our independence. And it is the gravest of mistakes to suppose that the effect of these crimes ended with their commission, or with the alleged emergency which produced them. That effect is perpetual. It has weakened public confidence in, and respect for, our governmental system. The Federal Constitution has never been the same in public estimation since it ceased to protect American citizens from Federal tyranny; since on the floor of Congress a prominent Republican exclaimed, unrebuked: "Show me a man who talks about 'violations of the Constitution' and I will show you a traitor;" since the whole Republican party, with not a single dissenting voice of any influence, declared that the organic law of the land was "suspended," and ought to be, to insure the maintenance of "the Union, the Constitution, and the laws." An impudent inconsistency which, in those dismal and disgraceful days, it was "treason" to comment upon.

But it was not during the war alone that the Republican party showed its superiority to George III. in oppressive and tyrannical acts. Victoria's grandfather never so much as dreamed of doing to the American colonies what Republican Presidents and Congresses did to the South from 1865 to 1877. He sent soldiers among us in time of peace, but he did not use the soldiers to support a Government made up of ignorant negroes and rascally political adventurers. He taxed us heavily and denied us representation, but he did not allow negroes and adventurers to both rob and rule us. Neither Massachusetts nor Virginia, the leaders in the preliminary movements of the revolution, ever groaned under such vile despotism as did South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi; nor did the bitterest British Tory ever conceive of such despotism for a people who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Imagine, if we can, Massachusetts or Virginia, in 1770-75 with such a Legislature as South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi had while carpet-baggery was in fullest bloom. It is only by thus using our fancy that we can properly appreciate what America and Americans have borne from the Republican party, and how much lighter and cleaner was the yoke which England and the English imposed; a yoke our fathers thought themselves cheaply rid of at the cost of a seven years' war. The stupid and suicidal policy of George III. and his Ministers was eminently respectable compared with the entire Southern policy of the Republican party from 1865 to 1877. Some excuse or apology may be found for King and Parliament in their efforts to hold rebellious subjects, but what excuse or apology can be urged for Republican Presidents and Congresses treating American States as conquered provinces and American citizens as rebels?

We are too near now to the darkest period of Republican supremacy to accurately measure its meaning and consequences; but the time is coming when ample justice will be done to that most fruitful theme—justice which will put the Republican party in the pillory of history, and keep it there forever.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—In digging a foundation for a new store near the Richmond and Danville depot, in Richmond, Va., recently, the rails of a narrow-gauge road were discovered six or seven feet below the surface. It is supposed to have been used in loading and unloading hogsheads of tobacco, but no one remembers the existence of such a road.—*N. O. Picayune.*